

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

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### Extraordinary Discovery on Extwistle Moor

The news of the extraordinary discovery on Extwistle Moor spread like wildfire through the small village and neighboring towns. People were abuzz with curiosity and speculation. The notion of unearthing a box containing a dead body was shocking enough, but the enigmatic words written on the accompanying card, "The missing link," added an air of mystery and intrigue.

Rumors circulated rapidly, and soon the story reached the ears of Professor Samuel Thornfield, a renowned archaeologist and anthropologist known for his expertise in human evolution. Fascinated by the peculiar find, Professor Thornfield decided to journey to the village and investigate the matter himself.

Arriving at Swinden Cottage, the residence of Mr. Tattersall Wilkinson, Professor Thornfield was greeted by a group of curious locals eagerly awaiting his arrival. They led him to a dimly lit room where the mysterious box had been placed on a sturdy table. The air was thick with anticipation as the professor approached, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

With great care and solemnity, Professor Thornfield began to examine the box. It was made of weathered wood, bearing the marks of time and exposure. The hinges creaked as he gingerly opened it, revealing the contents within.

As the lid swung open, the room fell into a hushed silence. Nestled amidst a bed of ancient cloth lay a remarkably preserved body—a humanoid figure frozen in time. Its features were both familiar and peculiar, displaying a mixture of primitive characteristics and those akin to modern humans. The missing link, perhaps?

The onlookers gasped, their imaginations running wild. Some speculated that this could be the key to unraveling the mysteries of human evolution, a breakthrough that would rewrite the history books. Others pondered the implications for science, philosophy, and religion.

Professor Thornfield meticulously examined the body, his trained eye discerning details that the untrained observer might miss. As he observed the skeletal structure, the shape of the cranium, and the morphology of the limbs, a sense of awe washed over him. This discovery had the potential to reshape our understanding of human origins.

Days turned into weeks as the professor devoted himself to unraveling the secrets of the missing link. He consulted with fellow experts, studied ancient texts and fossils, and meticulously documented his findings. News of the discovery spread far and wide, attracting the attention of scientists, scholars, and curious minds from around the world.

However, despite their best efforts, the true nature of the missing link remained elusive. Some argued that it could be an elaborate hoax or a remarkable example of ancient artistry. Skeptics emerged, challenging the authenticity of the find, while others championed its significance, eager to believe in its profound implications.

Amidst the fervor and debates, Professor Thornfield continued his tireless pursuit of the truth. He subjected the body to a battery of scientific tests, searching for clues buried within its ancient DNA. Every discovery brought new questions and complexities, pushing the boundaries of human knowledge.

Years passed, and the missing link remained an enigma, shrouded in the mists of uncertainty. Although the initial excitement faded, the impact of the discovery lingered, forever altering the trajectory of scientific exploration.

The box and its contents found their way into museums, where they became objects of

fascination and contemplation. They served as a reminder of the countless mysteries that lay hidden within the folds of time, awaiting the curious minds of future generations.

The missing link became a symbol—a testament to the inherent human desire to understand our place in the vast tapestry of existence. And so, the story of Extwistle Moor and its mysterious discovery echoed through the ages, inspiring generations to seek answers, challenge conventions, and unravel the enigmas of our shared past.

By Donald Jay